THE

AERONAUT.

no. 56 July 2. 1817.

There can be no study without time; and the mind must abide and dwell upon things, or be always a stranger to the inside of them.

SOUTH.

There is not a more general complaint among the young, than that of the tediousness, which attends the study of a science, or the acquirement of knowledge. From whatever source it proceeds, it is certainly very fre-

quently repeated. If we look a little closely into the subject, it is most probable, that we shall find it to be principally founded, upon want of reflection, and indolence in enquiry; which alone, would veil the plainest object, and conceal the easiest truth. Those who form opinions, and make resolutions, without the trouble of search, and without the aid of their judgment, must dream away life in folly, and weaken the powers of their minds, in conducing without thinking, and assenting without observing.

But tho' carelessness may conduce most generally to the complaint we have noticed, yet, undoubtedly, other circumst-

stances contribute to its production, which may claim a very considerable share of influence. These we shall briefly examine; and we solicit the attention of our readers to a fair and candid enquiry.

All old men will agree with us in this,— that, though now they are past the season of activity, and beyond the bounds of enthusiasm, yet, they once felt ambition shoot in every fibre, and emulation glow in every vein;- that they forgot what was behind, and looked only to the things which were before;- that they could scarce restrain the impetuousity of their desires, or control the extent of their wishes;- that they burned for the field of

thife, impatient of momenta. ry delay, and tired with pre. vious preparation; would have sprung to the contest of life, without the arms of impene. trable defence, and the weap. ons of invincible attack.

Before the sombre shadows of time, have darkened our prospects of felicity, and the experience of succesive ills, has reduced us to sober judg. ment, we are amused simply with believing what we shall be, and conjecturing on our probable situation. We are too eager for enjoyment, to qualify ourselves sufficiently, while the time is at hand, and the opportunity is near. We

are anxious for the obtaining of distinction, without reflecting how we are provided to sustain ourselves; when the time shall arrive; when the place for improvement is distant, and the period of learning is gone.-

We think the observations we have made, will tend in some degree to elucidate the difficulty of our subject. To those who long for something which is to come, every thing intervening is tiresome, as retarding the arrival of the object, and dampening with the ardor of feeling.- In such a situation, we are almost unable to give direct attention to what is proper, and to make a fair judg-

ment of our duty. We are decei-
ved by temporary sensations, a-
fflicted by conflicting passions,
and tormented by continued dis-
appointments. What is necessa-
ry, we conceive to be useless, - what
is the source of our pleasure,
to be the poison of our enjoy-
ments.

Easily, then, may the
youthful mind be led to ima-
gine, that years of study are
consumed, in all the weariness
of labor, and all the anguish of
suspense; that the temples of
learning are the prisons of aspi-
ring intellect, where honorable
desires are repressed, and flights
of fancy are controlled..

But Fact, in some
measure, defends the charge,

with a heavy weight of evidence. -
If the generality of those, who undertake the task of developing the intellect, and maturing the faculties, better understood the nature of the employment they fulfil, it would perhaps, lessen the number of those, who shun the walks of classic elegance, because their ears are pained, with the vulgar criticisms of the minute pedant, and the paltry trifles of the laborious verbalist.

But for all things there is a time. The season will unquestionably arrive, when those who have nothing to support their pretended glory, will sink, from mere want of food. ridicule, and the desertion of the enlightened and the wise.

Those who befor were blind, will gradually becom acquainted with the folly of some, and the presumption of others; so that those who cannot rise, must yield the palm, and relinquish the field.

But to those who are guilty of the complaint we have been treating of, we must in justice, and in distinguish of our duty, direct a word of advice. No small share of blame will fall upon those, who, from the dread of inconvenience, quit the chase, and the pursuit; - who retire from pursuit; - who prefer the poverty of ignorance, to the refinements of knowledge, the

beauties of art, and the ornaments of taste. We would refer them to the words of our motto; and exhort them to reformation, from the principles of reason, and the dread of shame. Life is too rough a road for those, who sink under imaginary evils, and yield to threatening dangers; they will pine in vain for what cannot be attained, bend down by the fear of rejection, and stung by the keenness of remorse.

But we are afraid, that, notwithstanding so much has been said, in all ages, to reform the manners, and correct the bad, we shall have the same rea-

can [illegible] to complain of the want of generall attention, as ever any had befor us. Few are willing to acknowledge their faults, though rules, precepts, and warnings, resound from every quarter, and greet them in every page. But tho' advice may perhaps be useless, silence would be positively criminal. We speak for instruction, and we leave the result. While the world is silly around, we in our turn must be querulous; grave in the midst of gaiety, sober in the midst of folly.

Reflection upon probable consequences, is not a very common virtue among those, who would accomplish within the compass of an hour, what years are too little to complete. The impd-

trient of imagined delay, supplies in the drudgery of age, what he neglects in the leisure of youth; is forced in the decrepitude of years, to do what he refuses in the season for labor; regrets the days that are over, and sighs at the few that remain. But the most unhappy part of the tale, is summed up in this, that when genius is wasted by negligence, or impaired by misapplication, grief is useless, and reformation is impossible. Tears of repentance can add nothing to the time that is to come, and take nothing from the mass that is lost. Weeping, may cast a shade of gloom

over present life, but it can
never restore ~~...~~ departed
opportunities, and recover abused
privileges.

Q.